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**Jack of Newbury
songster**

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[England]**

[18--]

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JACK OF NEWBURY
SONGSTER.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
POPULAR SONGS
DUETS, GLEES, ETC.

SPEENHAMLAND:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. HALL.

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Sigh no More, Ladies.—SHAKSPEARE.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore—
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

Blow High, Blow Low.—C. DIBDIN.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board ;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,—

PAGINATION BEGINS

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The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore,
To be once more,
Safe moor'd with thee !

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,—
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee ;

And this shall be my song :
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'erflowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And as the ship rolls on the sea,
The burden of my song shall be,—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

Come, if you Dare.—PURCELL.

“ COME, if you dare !” our trumpets sound ;
“ Come, if you dare !” the foes rebound ;
“ We come, we come !”

Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum ;
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again.

The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
 Their trumpets languish in the sound—
 They fly! they fly!
 “Victoria! Victoria!” the bold Britons cry.
 Now the victory’s won,
 To the plunder we run;
 Then return to our lasses like fortunate
 traders,
 Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish’d
 invaders.

The Origin of the Patten.—C. DIBDIN.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing :
 “Old Chevy Chase,” “God save the King,”
 “Fair Rosamond,” and “Sawny Scot,”
 “Li-li-bu-le-ro,” and what not.
 All these would sing my blue-eyed Patty,
 As with her pail she trudged along ;
 While still the burden of my song,
 My hammer beats to blue-eyed Patty.

But nipping frosts, and chilling rain,
 Too soon, alas ! choked every strain ;
 Too soon, alas ! the miry way,
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue-eyed Patty ;
 While I for very mad did cry,
 “Ah! could I but again,” said I,
 “Hear the sweet voice of blue-eyed Patty !”

Love taught me how : I work'd, I sang ;
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
 Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-eyed Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one in the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-eyed
 Patty.

The Ivy Green.—HENRY RUSSELL.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbl'd, the stones
 decay'd,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mould'ring dust that years have
 made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he ;
 How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings
 To his friend the huge oak tree !

And sliily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gentle waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works
 decay'd,
 And nations scatter'd been ;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past ;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

The Light Guitar.

Oh, leave the gay and festive scene,
 The halls of dazzling light :
 And rove with me through forests green,
 Beneath the silent night.
 Then as we watch the lingering rays,
 That shine from every star ;
 I'll sing the song of happier days,
 And strike the light guitar.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
 When her true night was slain ;
 And how her broken spirit slept,
 And never woke again.
 I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 And left his lord afar ;
 But, if my tale should make thee sigh,
 I'll strike the light guitar.

Yes, I will leave the Festive Scene.

Answer to the "Light Guitar."

YES, I will leave the festive scene,
 The gay and courtly throng,
 To wander through the forests green,
 And listen to thy song.
 The waters like a mirror seem,
 For every beaming star ;
 Then haste to yonder silent stream,
 And strike the light guitar.

And when thou tell'st of one whose tears,
 Were shed for her true knight ;
 Bethink thee of thy maiden's fears,
 When thou wert in the fight.
 Nor longer brave the battle plain,
 Nor roam from me afar ;
 But sing Hope's long-forgotten strain,
 And strike the light guitar.

Nelly Bly.

NELLY BLY, Nelly Bly, bring de broom
 along,
 We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear,
 and hab a little song ;
 Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make the
 fire burn,
 An' while I take the banjo down, just gib de
 mush a turn.
 Heigh Nelly, ho Nelly, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem
 melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like the turtle dove,
 I hears it in the meadow, and I hears it in
 de grove ;
 Nelly Bly hab a heart, warm as cup ob tea,
 An' bigger dan de sweet potatoe, down in
 Tennessee.
 Heigh Nelly, ho Nelly, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem
 melody.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she go to
 sleep,
 An' when she wakens up again, her eye
 balls 'gin to peep ;

De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' then
 she brings it down,
 And when it lights, dere's music dah, in dat
 part of the town.
 Heigh Nelly, ho Nelly, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem
 melody.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber, nebber sigh,
 Nebber bring de tear drop in de corner ob
 your eye,
 For de pie is made of pumpkins, an' de mush
 is made ob corn,
 And dere's corn and pumpkins plenty, lub,
 a lying in de barn.
 Heigh Nelly, ho Nelly, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem
 melody.

The Travelling Tinker.

I AM a travelling tinker, with my workshop
 at my back,
 My name is Tim Copper Gullet—I can stop
 a hole or crack ;
 I'm a razor grinder, too, served seven years
 to my trade ;
 So, bring out your pots and kettles, for at
 grinding I'm your blade.

With my nick nack, and pickawack,
 My travelling tinker's shop!
 Bring out your pots and kettles now,
 And all the holes I'll stop.

They say I'm a rambler, and that I don't
 disown,
 For in any place or country, I'm sure to find
 a home,
 With my workshop always with me, to dull
 care I bid good-bye,
 And show me any king or lord who's half so
 happy as I.

With my nick nack, &c.

My wife, she's very little, and it's true we
 often fight;
 At my head she threw the kettle on last
 Friday night;
 It's true we often quarrel, which sometimes
 causes pain,
 But when we make it up, why of course I
 stands a drain.

With my nick nack, &c.

Madrigal.

APRIL is in my mistress's face,
 And July in her eyes hath place;
 Within her bosom is September,
 But in her heart a cold December.

Air in Cymon.—GARRICK.

YET a while, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms;
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parents' nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

The Power of Music.—LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions
 below,
 Which men are forbidden to see;
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
 To set his Euridice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far—but how vast their
 surprise,

When they heard that he came for his wife.
 To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he
 thought,
 So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding, found place in his
heart,

And, pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art ;
Such power had music in hell !

Ben Bolt.

Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice, Ben
Bolt,

Sweet Alice, with hair so brown ;
She wept with delight, when you gave her a
smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben
Bolt,

In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben
Bolt,

Near the green sunny slope of the hill ;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-
spreading shade,

And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,

See, the old rustic porch, with its roses so
 sweet,
 Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
 See, the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben
 Bolt,
 And the master so kind and so true,
 And the little nook by the clear running
 brook
 Where we gather'd the flow'rs as they
 grew.
 O'er the master's grave, grows the grass,
 Ben Bolt,
 And the running little brook is now dry,
 And of all the friends who were schoolmates
 then,
 There remains, Ben, but you and I.
 And of all, &c.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer!—H. RUSSELL.

CHEER, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
 Courage! true hearts shall bear us on the
 way;
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-
 morrow,
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
 So, farewell, England! much as we may
 love thee,
 We'll dry the tears that we have shed
 before;

Why should we weep to sail in search of
fortune?

So farewell, England! farewell, evermore.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother
England!

Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing, strong,
right hand.

Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest
labour,

Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and
happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is
blowing,

To float us freely o'er the ocean's peaceful
breast;

The world shall follow in the track we're
going;

The star of Empire glitters in the west.

Here, we had toil, and little to reward it,

But there, shall plenty smile upon our
pain.

And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows, ripe with golden
grain.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother
England!

Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and
hand;

Cheer, boys, cheer ! there's wealth for honest
labour ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! for the new and happy
land.

Ariel's Song from "The Tempest."

DR. ARNE.

Where the Bee sucks.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I crouch when owls do cry :
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Kate Kearney.

OH, did you not hear of Kate Kearney ?
She lives on the banks of Killarney ;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and
fly,
For fatal 's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming.

Yet oh! I can tell how fatal 's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple;
There's mischief in every dimple:
And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy
gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Glee.—SIR H. BISHOP.

Four Voices.

FORESTERS sound the cheerful horn,
Hark, to the woods away;
Apollo with his swains, this morn,
Will hunt the stag to bay.

At length return'd from healthful chase,
Let music crown the day;
While melody, with winning grace,
Shall all our toil repay.

Foresters sound, &c.

Follow the Drum.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
 When bees from flower to flower did hum ;
 Soldiers thro' the town march'd gay,
 The village flew to the sound of the drum;
 From windows lasses look'd a score,
 Neighbours met at every door ;
 Sergeant twirl'd his sash and story,
 And talk'd of wounds, of honour and glory.
 'Twas in, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,
 His team and tillage—all, by gum !
 Of a country life he'd had enow,—
 He'd leave it all, and follow the drum !
 He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,
 To thrash his foes right soon he'd larn ;
 With sword in hand, he would not parley,
 But thrash his foes instead of the barley !
 'Twas in, &c.

The cobbler, he threw by his awl,
 When all were glad, he'd ne'er be glum ;
 But quick attend to glory's call,
 And, like a man, would follow the drum !
 No more at home he'd be a slave,
 But take his seat amid the brave ;
 In battle's heart none should be prouder
 For balls of wax, he'd have balls and
 powder !

'Twas in, &c.

The tailor, he got off his knees,
 And to the ranks did boldly come ;
 He said he ne'er would sit at ease,
 But go with the rest, and follow the drum !
 How he'd lather the foes, good Lord ;
 When he'd a bodkin for a sword ;
 The foe should find he didn't wheedle,
 When he'd a spear instead of a needle !
 'Twas in, &c.

Three old women—the first was lame,
 The second was blind, and the third nigh
 dumb ;—
 To stay behind was a burning shame,
 They'd follow the men, and follow the
 drum !
 “ Our wills are good, but lack-a-day !
 To catch soldiers we will try for it,
 For, where's a will there's always a way—
 We'll walk a mile or two, if we die for it !
 'Twas in, &c.

Red Cross Knight.—CALLCOTT.

Glee and Semi-Chorus.

BLOW, Warder, blow, thy sounding horn,
 And thy banner wave on high ;
 For the christians have fought in the Holy
 Land,
 And have won the victory.

Loud, loud, the Warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav'd on high ;
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.

The Warder look'd from the tower on high,
As far as he could see ;
I see a bold Knight, and by his red cross,
He comes from the East country.

Then loud the Warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse ;
I see a bold Knight, and on his shield bright,
He beareth a flaming cross.

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The Red Cross Knight to meet ;
And when the Red Cross Knight he espied,
Right loving he did him greet.

Thour't welcome here, dear Red Cross
Knight,
For thy fame's well-known to me ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells
shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily.

Oh ! I am come from the Holy Land,
Where saints do live and die ;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red Cross Knight am I.

And we have fought in the Holy Land,
 And we've won the victory;
 For with valiant might did the christians
 fight,
 And made the proud pagans fly.

Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red Cross
 Knight,
 Come, lay thy armour by;
 And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
 We'll feast us merrily.

For all in my castle shall rejoice
 That we've won the victory;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells
 shall be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.

Glee and Chorus.—SHIELD.

O, happy fair!
 Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongues
 sweet air—
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
 appear.

Sweet Kitty Clover.

SWEET Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
 Oh, oh, oh, oh;
 Her cheeks are red, and round, and fat,
 Like pulpit cushion, and redder than that.

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
oh, &c.

My Kitty in figure is rather low,
Oh, oh, oh, oh ;
She's three feet high, and that I prize,
As just a fit wife for a man of my size.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.

Where Kitty dwells I'm sure to go,
Oh, oh, oh, oh ;
One moonlight night, ah me! what bliss,
Through the hole of the window I gave her
a kiss.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.

If Kitty to kirk would with me go,
Oh, oh, oh, oh ;
I think I should never be wretched again,
If after the parson she'd say—Amen.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, &c.

Fairy Glee.

DANCE lightiy, dance lightly, with gossamer
wing,
Brighter and sweeter than flowers in spring ;
Trip gaily, trip gaily, your beauty disclose,
Your carpet the green leaf—your palace
the rose.

Dance lightly, dance lightly, ye gay fairy
elves,

Who are so pretty and proud as yourselves ?

The Shipwreck.—FALCONER.

ALL hands unmoor, proclaims a cry,
All hands unmoor, the rocks reply ;
Rous'd upon deck, the sailors swarm,
And lovers soon the windlass arm.

Reluctant from its oozy cave,
The anchor rises from the wave ;
On slipp'ry masts the yards ascend,
And high the canvas wings extend.

Whilst o'er the bosom of the faithless tides,
In silent pomp, the cumbrous vessel glides.

But see, now borne before the blast,
Clouds roll on clouds, the moon o'ercast,
The glaring orb condens'd with haze,
Emits around a sanguine blaze,
The ocean curls, the winds arise,
The seud in swift succession flies ;
A storm deep low'ring blots the sky,
Reef topsails, reef, is now the cry.
So, steadily meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind.

Now, wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent-clouds the light'nings fly ;
A piteous groan is heard behind,

A flash has struck the helmsman blind ;
 A billow, with tremendous roll,
 To ruin seems to doom the whole ;
 While from the yard, oh ! dire to tell,
 Three sailors to the ocean fell :
 High o'er their heads the rolling billows
 sweep,
 And down they sink to everlasting deep.

As o'er the surge the mainmast hung,
 The seamen on the rigging clung ;
 While yet they hug the floating mast,
 Or to the cordage grapple fast,
 Their wives and children—nature's chain,
 Tug at their hearts with pow'rful strain ;
 Now on the waves on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath the tide.
 The hostile waters close around the brave,
 And prove the ocean is the seaman's grave.

Soft Place in my Head.

Your pardon, kind ladies, and gentlemen
 all,

I came here my fortune to try,
 But if I should need now your courage to
 show,

Pray don't this favour deny,
 For I'm much abused wherever I go,

For the scandal our villagers say.
 They one and all say, as a purpose to show,
 That I've got a soft place in my head.

CHORUS.

Soft place, soft place, I've got a soft place in
my head.

At charity school, they called I a fool,
And laughed because my head it was red ;
Onr master says, Plum, thou great little
chum,

For thou hast got a soft place in thy head.

I felt, and I felt it over again,

But the deuce a soft place could I find,
Till brother with his stick, he gave me a hit,
And he says it's both solid and thick.

Soft place, &c.

In Gooseberry-lane, a maiden did dwell,
I thought, I should like for to wed,
But when my tears flow, she always says
no,

You've got a soft place in your head.

I fell on my knees, and I breathed out a
sigh,

I cursed, and I stamped, and I swore,

I said it was true which I knew was a lie,
And what could your hard heads do more ?

Soft place, &c.

I set up in trade, and I thought I should
shine,

By selling of pikelets and bread,

With my basket on my arm, and my tinkling
 bell,
 Which they said was as soft as my head.
 But going my round, no custom I found,
 And I had got no money to spend ;
 I sat on the ground, and very soon found,
 That I had eat all the pikelets myself.
 Soft place, &c.

Glee and Chorus.—ATTWOOD.

IN peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green ;
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 All men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.

Old Agnes.

MY true-hearted fellows, who smoke with
 such glee,
 To beg your attention I'll for once make
 free,
 And sing of our pipes, whilst thus merry and
 snug,
 We soften our cares as we lighten our jug.
 This jug, which, from Toby, its origin boasts ;
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens the toast.

Toby's frame, like his size, spread so great
 by his ale,
 That for Agnes, no room could be found in
 the tale ;
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as
 his wife ;
 Therefore singing her praise, we with joy
 will regale,
 Whilst our pipes and our jugs give a zest to
 our ale.

The potter, who shrewly found Toby's re-
 mains,
 Thought a visit again there might answer his
 pains ;
 Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose
 death, as her life,
 Made her qualified duly to lay as his wife :
 Her fair fame all the village incessantly
 quote,
 Whose vicar the following epitaph wrote :—

Epitaph :

“ Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby, re-
 nown'd,
 Who lived whilst on earth, now lies dead
 in the ground ;
 The care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,
 She soften'd her sorrows with brandy and
 milk ;

Swoll'n with silky, she thriv'd till her skin
 gave a crack,
 When death hopping in, laid her here on
 her back."

At these lines our potter a happy thought
 started,
 That Toby and Agnes should never be
 parted;
 So he took of her clay, which was white as
 her milk;
 And temper'd with brandy till softer than
 silk;
 Then forming these pipes, he advis'd sly and
 snug,
 That we kiss her fair clay and shake hands
 with his jug.

Chorus. — MOZART.

ALL hail! our Queen Victoria!
 Welcome and blessing meet her,
 Her joyous people greet her
 With loyal heart and song.

All hail! our Queen Victoria!
 Earth! all thy bounties bear her,
 And Heav'n! in mercy spare her
 To rule old England long.

The Storm.

HURRAH, hurrah ! for the kingly storm,
 When he wakens up in his wrath ;
 When he shouts aloud to the wave and cloud,
 And raves on his foamy path ;
 He waves o'er the bark his pinions dark,
 And hears the cry of despair ;
 But he hurries along with a merry song,
 And leaves it sinking there.

Hurrah, hurrah ! for the kingly storm,
 When his stern frown darkens the sky ;
 When ye quail at the thunder of his voice,
 And the lightning of his eye :
 Hurrah ! for the roar of his kingly voice,
 That appeals the heart of man ;
 When he revels in joy at the festive board,
 Nor thinks of his life's short span.

He takes old winter by the beard,
 And shreds his locks of grey ;
 And the old oaks bow when they feel his
 breath,
 And bend to his lordly sway :
 The forest trees with their spreading boughs,
 He uproots them in his might ;
 Hurrah ! for the blast, when the storm rides
 past,
 On the wings of the raven night !

There's anger in his rising voice,
 And terror in his frown :
 When he whirls the autumn's wither'd
 leaves,
 And shakes his berries down.
 It thunders loud—see yon dark cloud !
 'Tis the spirit's awful form !
 And the lightning's flash, and the old oak's
 crash—
 Hurrah ! for the kingly storm !

Jack Ratlin.—C. DIBDIN.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, or steer ;
 No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
 With skill, and in contempt of fear.
 In fight, a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack's regard ;
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on his pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying, sigh—to end his love !

The same express the crew commanded,
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings,
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand !
 O Fate ! her death defac'd the letter—
 Instant his pulse forgot to move ;
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh, and died for love !

Cherry's the Lass for me.—LAWLER.

O CUPID was surely my guide,
 When we came to this inn to quarter ;
 Where a sweet little lass I've espied,
 'Tis Cherry, the inn-keeper's daughter.
 Cherry's the lass for me,
 In Cupid's net I've caught her ;
 Fresh as the rose is she,
 Although but an inn-keeper's daughter.

How she cocked up her nose with pride,
 When I to love besought her ;
 " You're only a footman," she cried,
 " And I am an inn-keeper's daughter."
 Cherry's the lass for me, &c.

Now she'll sit on my knee and repeat
 Love's catechise, I've taught her ;

Oh, never was lass more neat,
 Than my sweet little inn-keeper's daughter.

Cherry's the lass for me, &c,

This caution, dear Tom, I impart,
 While here, at this inn, we quarter :
 Whatever fair game you start,
 Steer clear of my inn-keeper's daughter.
 Cherry's the lass for me, &c.

Glee.—DR. CALLCOTT.

HAIL, happy Albion, queen of isles !
 Peaceful freedom o'er thee smiles ;
 Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
 The flower unheeded can descry,
 And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head.

Through the wild waves, as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :
 The star of Brunswick shines serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep.

FINIS.